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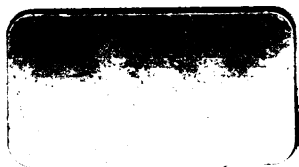
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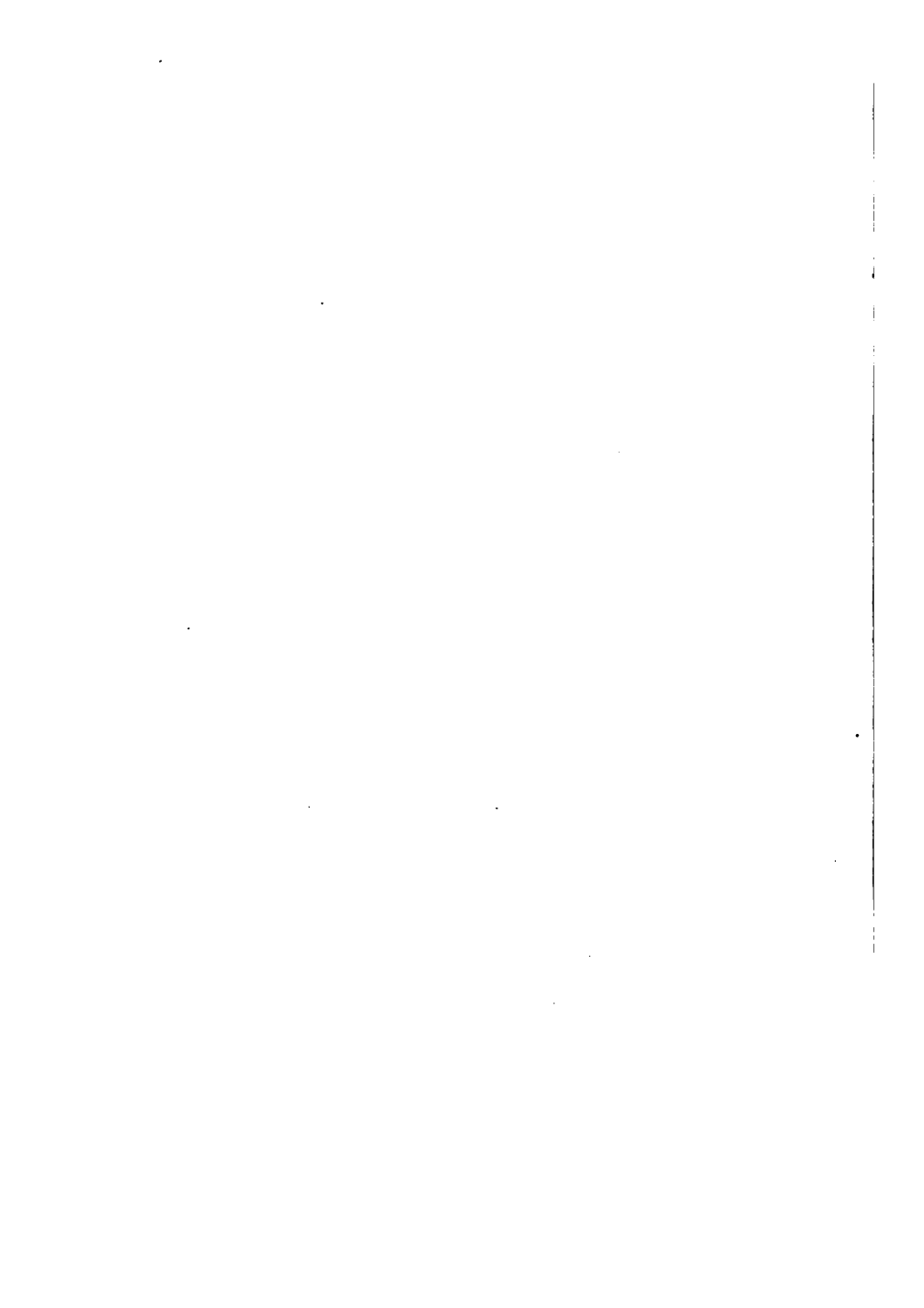
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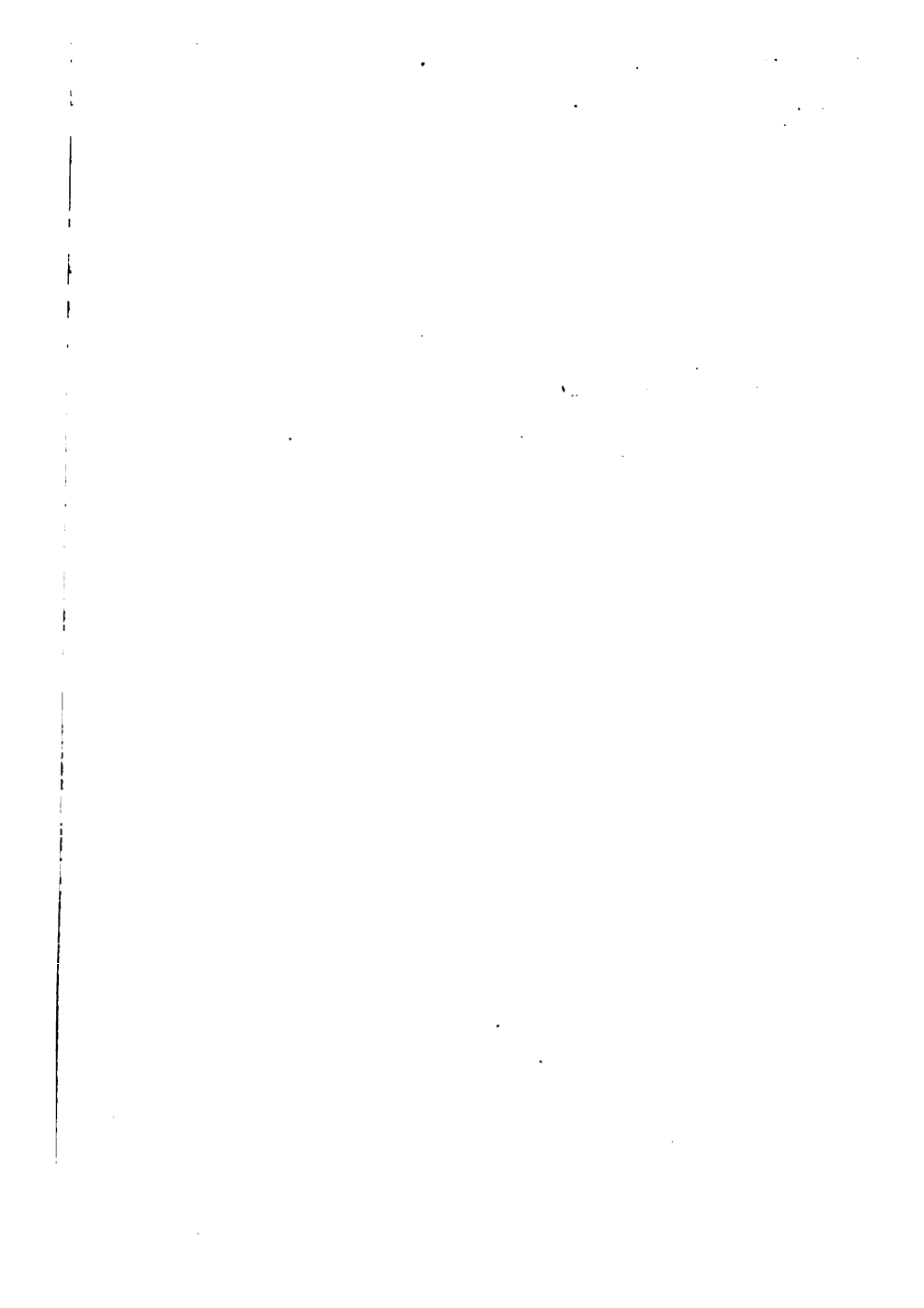


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A CONCORD OF SWEET NOTES

BY
LEON M. LINDEN

With a Preface by Charles J. O'Malley,
Poet and Editor

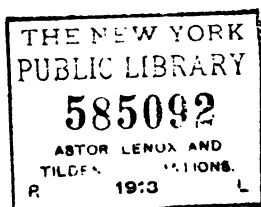
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To

MY DEAR FRIENDS

*As a most humble token of love and respect
these poems are inscribed
in all sincerity*

by

LEON M. LINDEN.

Aurora, Ill., January, 1908.

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FOREWORD.

Wherever he exists the true poet is a dawn-builder. Possessing creative genius he sits among his ideals shaping "the light that never was on sea or land," making white mornings for the race of men. Because he moulds his dreams in beauty he is not less an apostle of truth. He knows that still must the majority of mankind be led into the inner temple of truth by the voice of beauty, just as, according to the ancient legend, the children of Hamelin were led entranced by the marvelous playing of the Pied Piper. The province of the poet is to fashion beauty-worlds supreamer than those already known to earth, singing of them in strains that will not perish, and thus lead the souls of men to the Eternal Beauty, who is also the Eternal Truth.

To-day we hear on every side that an appreciation of poetry is dying—that the songs a poet sings are sung unheard—that the books

he publishes remain unbought. In the same breath we are told that this is an age of culture; that never has human knowledge been so advanced since time began. In our own country this claim is made daily. Still, if we analyze this alleged culture, shall we find the claim well-based? There are many universities teaching biology, philosophy, psychology and other things, yet when has there been an age in which so much of error darkened the minds of men? Everywhere there is much probing, but how few are finding the truth? Why? Beyond question, owing to the fact that many among us, some of whom occupy positions in which they could prove helpful, deliberately slight such artificers in beauty as poets, painters, sculptors and musicians. Look back to that period in which the great Church held out the hand of a helpful Mother to such gifted children of hers as Da Vinci, Michael Angelo, Raphael, Dante, Tasso, Petrarch, Murillo and similar, and the conclusion is almost irresistible that the Ages of Beauty were also the Ages of Faith. If there were greater love of Christian beauty in the world to-day there would be likewise greater love of

Christian truth. . Bleak materialism lies at the base of most of the modern errors recently condemned.

In issuing this volume Father Linden is simply following in the footsteps of Catholic poets of other days. True poet and true priest, it is his hope to aid in shaping a holier dawn, clothing the truth he has in the garments of beauty, yet knowing that she is not less the truth. Than the present, there has never been a time in which it was more imperative that a Catholic poet should speak, and than the present there has never been an age when it was more imperative that he should be heard. Though young, Father Linden has long been a fashioner of sweet notes, and he has, I believe, the distinction of being the first Catholic of his race, in this country, to publish a volume of original poetry written in English. Sylvester Viereck is of German birth, but he is not a Catholic. A professed Agnostic, he sneers openly at Christianity and produces work in which sin is lauded and base flesh deified. And yet his books are bought and praised, their author thus encouraged to continue his self-appointed labor of sowing unfaith. Obviously,

Christian people are bound in duty to remove the danger of this propaganda of materialism by supporting Christian literary producers when these appear with works worthy of support. Each of us can aid in bringing back the Ages of Faith by filling the world with Christian beauty, which, after all, is the splendor of Christian truth—the aurora that glads the dawn before the sun appears.

It is not claimed for Father Linden's poetry that it is without flaws. He is an artist without leisure to chisel and polish. A priest who toils in his parish can sing only when opportunity comes, and subject to many interruptions; yet the poems in this collection show that he is a true singer and that in time greater songs may be expected. Few young poets of to-day give such distinct promise of splendid work in the future. An hour unquestionably shall arrive in which he will be nationally known as the poet-priest of Illinois. His soul is close to the eternal verities, and we know of old that—

“What's excellent,

As God lives, is permanent.”

CHARLES J. O'MALLEY.

INTRODUCTION.

Step after step the poet has ascended the ladder that leads to immortality, and from his pedestal of glory he sends forth the rays that have illumined an unenlightened world. Centuries gone by have lived and gloried in the echo of his song that spread over the world like the music of Nature in one long and brilliant harmony. But how many of our "enlightened age" have experienced the sweetness of his melody? To be honest, the outspoken verdict of the general reading public seems to disqualify him for the exalted place he holds in literature. Is he not the most despised, the most ridiculed literary artist? Who recognize in him one of the most potent factors in the universal progress of mankind? He is indeed a unique creation, so much different from other men, a bird with so many odd colors. Some think the poet a man with an abnormal brain, a monomaniac, a slothful dreamer, one sick with frenzy, half-

witted, one who cannot deliberate in logical form, an unpracticed man, a fit subject for derision in countless caricatures. Very few outside of the really high-minded care to make friends with the poet, and the natural result is, that his works are carefully stored in the deposit-vaults of oblivion.

Despite the fact that people in our enlightened age cast aside his intimate friendship, it ever remains true that the poet is, was and ever has been the greatest in the field of literature. The Royal Prophet David was a poet and a real king; was there a greater genius in the literature of Judaism, a more talented man? Homer and Sophocles were the idols of a nation; Horace and Ovid were read with eagerness; Goethe, Schiller, Shakspeare and poets of other nations have perhaps done more for the education of men than many of our schools and universities. Poets have been leaders of the spirit of their times and educators of the public; they have led nations through the fierce array of battles to glorious victory through the inspiring melodies of their songs; they have refined and elevated mankind to the noblest ideals of moral and intellectual progress through the fragrant

incense of their principles and teachings. Truly, we have no such great men as the masters of the past, but has the modern poet no greater claim than that of a mere existence. Should not the singing-bird of today be heard because its ancestors were more inspiring? Are all poets impostors? Are all their works an illusion and an enigma without solution?

Many of us are educated to think in no other way than through the light of material progress; we find it extremely difficult to elevate our minds and hearts to Elysian heights, to the realms of spiritual joy, to the noblest ideals expressed and almost materialized in Music, Painting and Poetry, in the sweet strains of harmony, in the dexterous stroke of the brush and the mighty flash of the pen. How many of us see the idea of the painter? How many are there who appreciate the grandeur of classic music? And more so, how many understand the dignity and real beauty of a fine poem? Our headlong progress, our overdeveloped sensual instinct augmented through a culpably careless education of the artistic temperament are undoubtedly the approximate causes for the cold and heartless reception of the art of Music,

Painting and Poetry. We clamor for the "real stuff," for something that appeals to the senses alone; the gratification of the mind and heart seems to be a matter of secondary importance. These are indeed harassing indictments for our enlightened age. Nevertheless we may safely predict that a future generation, more closely educated to the ideals of life, will welcome the most intimate sisters, Music, Painting and Poetry as the only interpreters of things human and divine, of all that is great in God and man. And what the poet says of Music, is true of Painting and Poetry:

"He, who hath no Music in his ears,
Nor is not moved in concord of sweet notes,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils;
The motions of his heart are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus—
Let no such man be trusted."

—*Shakespeare.*

You cannot separate one from the other without making them orphans.

The poet is a noble man, not that others are in any way inferior to him in things truly

human. He is not a demigod amongst men, but he is indeed a messenger of God and an interpreter. He possesses a psychology of his own, more intricate and more developed along certain lines than that of the average man; he has a heavenly gifted intellect, a faculty of keen perception; his visual angle is more comprehensive; his senses are more capable of being affected by minute exterior influences; they are similar to a fine violin whose strings respond to the most delicate touch of an artist; they are like a sensitized photographic plate, acting in the hundredth part of a second when subjected to the influences of light; the picture that falls upon the retina of his mind is perfect in details, teeming with all the light and color that lend life to objects. The poet is not confined nor shackled to this earth; besides penetrating the essence and the intricate details of the exterior world, he ventures to scale the ladder that leads into the realms of heavenly glory. Prosaic people are limited through myopia, but the poetic nature peers through a powerful telescope into regions unknown. The poet is a philosopher and an inventor, a creator and a transformer, a prophet, a musician and a painter. He is

born, like all poets and is the gift of God to mankind for the benefit of mankind.

“Poetry is itself a thing of God ;
He made his prophets poets ; and the more
We feel of poesie do we become
Like God in love and power,—under-makers.”
—*Bailey.*

Thank God, this world is replete with poets. It is a gross error when we presume there are no poets outside of those who have given evidence of their genius through literary effusions. Are not many of us infatuated with the beauties and grandeur of Nature, with the romance and love of life, with tender sympathies for the weakness of our fellowmen? And yet we are unable to clothe our thoughts in the garb and life-like form of words. But the poet who stands in the lime-light of literary splendor is the man who has a message to deliver.

The poet is a superior being, not that he is a spiritual being, but one who has opened a world of spiritual light in a world of material existences.

“Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,
Who gave us nobler loves, and nobler cares—
The poets! who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays!”
—*Wordsworth.*

The poet is a seer, transcending with his elastic imagination the horizon of this earth up to the portals of idealism. He is continually bent on seeing the quintessence of things, of analyzing, of creating new forms from antiquated substances, thereby leading us on to a more comprehensive understanding of our spiritual and material life. A painting cannot possess the genuine qualities of art if it portray the mere exterior and objective life of a subject; it must necessarily embody the spiritual and the material which the painter, as an observer depicts on the canvas. We may say the same of the poet:

“Poets, like painters, thus unskilled to trace
The naked nature and the living grace,
With gold and jewels cover every part,
And hide with ornaments their want of art.
True wit is nature to advantage dressed,
What oft was thought, but ne’er so well expressed.”
—*Pope.*

The poet is not only a painter but also a musician. The musician is the messenger of harmonious sound with its hundredfold revelations that play on the sympathies of men. The musician will strike a responsive chord in many a heart; to others, again, his appeal will be fruitless. He must cater to all temperaments, and the greater his ability to sing to all and appeal to individual hearts, the greater the musician. He must be able to arouse sympathy which is universal, just like the human voice that is able to elicit a corresponding note when sung into the body of a violin. The true poet is a musician, because his message is real song and magnificent harmony :

“The varying verse, the full resounding line,
The long majestic march, and energy divine.

—*Pope.*

The poet then is simultaneously musician and painter, a creature of a noble race. Though he is born by the grace of God, his exterior often betrays his interior convictions, for he is human like all men. Though a goodly number of poets have been atheists, pantheists and materialists,

disseminating principles of iniquity, it proves but this, that in teaching false doctrines and offering incense to the god of lust and evil, they have utterly failed to fulfill their true mission, for poetry has been, is, and ever will be—
Truth:

“Unjustly poets we asperse;
Truth shines the gladder clad in verse,
And all the fictions they pursue
Do but insinuate what is true.”
—*Swift.*

“From his chaste Muse employed her heaven-
taught lyre
None but the noblest passions to inspire,
Not one immoral, not one corrupted thought,
One line, which dying, he could wish to blot.”
—*Lyttelton.*

And where is the godless poet who has not at times given vent to a concord of sweetest notes, singing of the greatness of God and holy things?
The poet loves mankind and all things created. He is truly human, for his smiles are broad; his passion burning and intense; his anger is madness, but there is always reason in his madness:

"For that fine madness still he did retain,
Which rightly should possess a poet's brain."
—*Drayton.*

his love is delicate, sincere, comprehensive and passionate, ready for sacrifice; his joy is jubilant, his sympathy genuine; his glory is triumphant and his sorrow compassionate; he is amongst men the most human. There is nothing great or small, he sees it in its natural light and emblazons it with the spark of poetic genius. The tiny flower of the field, in his eye, is a creation most wonderful; he observes its life, its motley colors and breathes its tender fragrance; the grass, the fields, the rivers, the forests, the mountains and the entire animal kingdom call to him with the stentorian voice of Nature, asking him to sing a concord of sweet notes in honor of their Creator; the child, with its great big, blue eyes, speaks to the poet with the language of sweetness and angelic purity; the maiden's smiles and beauty demand his love and admiration; the muscular youth with his strength and manliness calls for his praise, and the decrepid old man makes him meditate on the frailty of human nature and the life to come. Everything

speaks to the poet, and everything is material for an appropriate message to mankind.

And so it is that each poet will sing his own concord of sweet notes, knowing, that:

“Of all those arts in which the wise excel,
Nature’s chief masterpiece is writing well;
No writing lifts exalted man so high
As sacred and soul-moving poesy.”

—*Sheffield.*

Then:

“Go boldly forth, my simple lay,
Whose accents flow with artless ease,
Like orient pearls at random strung.”

—*Sir W. Jones.*

January, 1908.

THE AUTHOR.

A CONCORD OF SWEET NOTES

THE VIOLIN.

I heard a voice; it rang, it rang!

Like angels' melody it sang

A song I never heard before—

Not once before.

'Twas like the breath of God; it flowed

Straightway from heaven's open road

Into my throbbing heart—

Into my heart.

'Twas like a dream; methought I dreamed

A dream, and earth and heaven seemed

To change their natural lights—

Their natural lights.

I heard the voice, so pure, so pure,

A voice from heaven—I am sure—

Could sing no sweeter song—
No sweeter song.
It came as soft as Summer's breeze,
That whispered in the sleeping trees
A melody from leaf to leaf—
From leaf to leaf.
Then louder, louder, louder still,
I heard its trembling echo fill
With passion's burning fire and rage—
With passion's rage,
Until it slowly died away;
Then, taking up a softer lay,
The weeping voice grew sad and low—
Grew sad and low.
It sang a song of a broken heart,
Whose wornout cords were torn apart
By sorrow's deep, consuming pain—
By sorrow's pain.
It carried me away, that strain,
Into the homes of tears and pain,
The which I never felt before—
Not once before.

Then once again the voice grew soft;
Like nightingale's it rose aloft
And sang the song of purest love—
Of purest love.
No human tongue did ere unfold
The depth of love so true and bold,
The joys and pains of human love—
Of human love.
I heard that voice; it rang, it rang!
Like angels' melody, it sang
A song I never heard before—
Not once before.
Oh Violin, dear Violin!
An earthly thing, but heaven within;
Sweet Music's noble, glorious king—
The Violin!

THE VISITANT.

On the wayside, near the city,
All alone, no one to pity,
Sat a mother with her child
Dying of a fever wild.

To her bosom close she pressed him—
Passionately she caressed him;
Death would tear him from her heart,
And she could not from him part.

Love, oh Love, is there another
Half so sweet as that of mother,
Half so pure, or half so true,
As a mother's love for you!

Choked the mother in her anguish—
Death, it seemed, would surely vanquish;
But her throbbing heart did pray—
Nothing could her faith dismay.

And she prayed, still persevering,
God would grant her prayer a hearing.
Could he take her only boy?
Mother, God will bring thee joy!

Little child, thy mother's weeping,
For cold death is slyly creeping
Up into thy lifeless eye!
Mother, pray! He will not die.

Unperceived, a stately stranger
Came, and saw the child in danger;
"Mother," said He, "do not weep.
He is only fast asleep."

O'er his head His hands now hovered;
Instantly the child recovered.
All the mother humbly said:
"Lord, my God!" The vision fled.

SONG OF THE POND LILIES.

White as drifts of blinding snow-flakes
Falling through the frozen air,
White as fleecy clouds, when light breaks
On the noonday heavens fair.

White, as all the calm sea's surface,
Bending forth, an archèd blade,
When the purple heaven's solace
Covers it with rolling shade.

So we lilies of the water,
Floating on the billows gray,
Only love the humble color
Of the sunshine's spotless ray.

We behold each happy brother
In the waters of the pond,
And we trouble not the other
Flowers on the shore beyond.

Zephyr whispers many stories
Of those flowers, strewn about,
How the one the other worries
With contempt and pride aloud.

And she tells us of the dolours
Of these flowers on the plain,
All for envy of their colors—
Things which lilies must disdain.

For we lilies of the water,
Floating on the billows gray,
Only love the humble color
Of the sunshine's spotless ray.

Naughty flowers of the meadows,
Come, and see us in the pond!
Learn to love your motley fellows,
And be gentle, and be fond!

Come, behold us in the waving
Waters, move in peace about,
With a tender-hearted craving
Seeking joy and love devout!

Note, how one beside the other,
Rising from our dreamless sleep,
Sends a kiss to sister, brother,
Floating on the glassy deep!

When the golden hour of morning
Peeps behind yon distant hills,
We, our God of Love, adoring,
Wish good morning to the rills.

Then, awake from sleepy torpor,
We diffuse our perfumes pure,
And imbibe the misty vapor
Hanging o'er the water's lure.

When upon the twilight heaven
Stealthily departs the sun,
Leaving trails, that boldly redden
Mountain peaks and forest's dun,

All we lilies, softly singing
Songs of humble words and tone,
In our mantles then go creeping,
Sleeping in the dusk alone.

AGE AND YOUTH.

Youth is the prime, and age the goal of life;
Age is the end, and youth the prime of strife;
Youth is the rose that age will pluck dew-wet;
Age is the flower youth may perhaps not get;
Youth is the time to learn, whilst age is wise;
Age is a teacher youth must ne'er despise;
Age knows no joy, that youth cannot perceive;
Youth knows no pain that age cannot relieve.

TO A MEADOW BLUE-BELL.

Little blue-bell of the meadow,
Smiling all the day,
Where art thou? Behind a shadow?
Ah, how blithe and gay!

Never could I hurt thee darling,
Smiling all the day;
Do conceal that silly frowning,
Let me with thee play!

Let us sing, and love each other,
Smiling all the day;
Like a sister and a brother
Let us stroll away!

I will plant thee, willing flower,
Smiling all the day,
In an ever silent bower;
Come, do not delay!

Pretty blue-bell, best of creatures,
Smiling all the day,
I will watch thy musing features;
Ah, how blithe and gay!

And the dew-drops I will gather,
Smiling all the day;
Come with me, thou shalt be gladder
Than a rose in May!

Now, behold my flower growing,
Smiling all the day;
In her bower she is wooing
All the time away.

ONLY ONE STAR.

Only one star, softly twinkling,
 Blinking in the merry skies,
Playing, hiding, smiling, winking,
 Laughing with its youthful eyes!

There I see thee in thy leisure,
 Peeping friendly through the night,
Beaming in a childlike pleasure
 Rays of soft, regaling light.

Peering through the haunted forest,
 Where the spirit-shadows roam,
List'ning to the dead leaves' chorus
 Singing in the woodland home.

And when calm the ocean, growing
All enraptured, sleeps in love,
Thou look'st on the mirror flowing,
From thy haunts of peace above.

Only one star, softly twinkling,
Blinking in the merry skies,
Playing, hiding, smiling, winking,
Laughing with its youthful eyes!

DISCONTENT.

Nature is a nymph of satisfaction ;
Seldom weeps, but smiles complacently ;
Discord finds no harbor in her action ;
'Tis contentment breeds her harmony.

Roving winds graze on the running meadows ;
Bending flowers breathe their tender scent ;
Virgin forests cast their slender shadows
Undeiled, and know not discontent.

Why then, man, thou mightiest of Nature,
Fill thy haughty breast with discontent ?
Trouble not thy brain with mean displeasure !
Unfit for thee is evil sentiment.

Learn to know thy earthly situation,
Strive to understand thy future end,
And the world that brings dissatisfaction;
Heav'n only can thy troubles mend.

Why then, man, thou mightiest of Nature,
Fill thy haughty breast with discontent?
Trouble not thy brain with mean displeasure!
Unfit for thee is evil sentiment.

CHRISTMAS MORN.

I hear the Christmas chimes a-ringing,
A thousand angels' voices singing,
Bringing peace unto mankind—
Unto mankind.

I see the lights on high out-beaming,
Cold Luna's smile down softly gleaming,
Streaming through the Winter night—
The Winter night.

The world is clad in white; and spangling
With fiery diamonds, all a-dangling,
Hanging on the cracking trees—
The cracking trees.

I hear the Merry Christmas greeting,
And heart to heart with joy is beating,
Beating in each happy home—
In each glad home.

Rough blows the cutting North wind, howling
Through lifeless woodland, madly prowling,
Scowling with his bitter smile—

His bitter smile.

But still the world is in devotion,
And all the streets are in commotion,
Thousands thronging to the church—
Into the church.

Awaken, child of melancholy!

Today all grief is bitter folly;
Foolish 'tis to be so sad—

To be so sad.

For, listen to the chimes a-ringing,
And hear the angels' voices singing,
Bringing peace unto thy soul—
Unto thy soul.

A SONG OF SINCERITY.

We love the man whose actions prove
A loyal semblance of the heart,
Who simulates no worthy move,
Nor counterfeits with studied art.

We reverence him who is the same
In soul and body, day and night,
Whose honor glitters not in fame,
But in Truth's permeating light.

In cold appearance of the good
True excellency cannot live;
Hypocrisy is 'neath its hood,
Reality—it cannot give.

The knave may feign sweet honesty,
The fool may play the wond'rous wise,
Still knave and fool they'll ever be
Though others see not their disguise.

To seem to be—is not to be—
A latent untruth in disguise;
True wisdom's in sincerity
Which no man ever will despise.

We love the man whose actions prove
A loyal semblance of the heart,
Who simulates no worthy move,
Nor counterfeits with studied art.

FORLORN.

What wilt thou, blushing rose, alone,
Far from thy friends, in solitude?
Art thou perhaps an exile, cast-away,
Dissenter from an ever peaceful home?
Why should I find thee in this reeking land
Enveloped in a choking atmosphere,
Surrounded by those thorny, stubborn weeds?
Hath long-enduring melancholy's greed
Consumed thy youthful joyousness of heart,
That thou hadst reason for another home?
Or hath some cruel fiend abducted thee
And left thee to thyself upon the way?
Hath Nature wreaked her vengeance on thy pride
That set thee high above thy jealous friends?
Perchance, a hand, all innocent,
Hath planted thee along this lonely way,

That it, in passing by, might fondle thee,

Caress thee, kiss thy tender brow!

Whate'ere may be the fate that waits on thee,

I love thee, lovely as thou art, the more,

For pity stretches out her willing hand

To e'en the most dejected wretch.

When friends desert thee, I will take thee home,

And there beloved, amidst gay pleasantry

Of gentle flowers, thou canst bloom in joy—

No more to be alone.

THE NOVEL.

Late, in a silent Autumn night,
I sat beneath an elm;
The stealthy glare of Luna's light
Swept through the noiseless realm.

It cast its slender shadows down,
Through withered twigs it stole;
And kissed the dying leaves that frown
Upon cold Winter's goal.

Some forward stars peeped through the blue
With moistened, downcast eyes,
For they now seemed to sorrow too
With Nature's moaning sighs.

Thus, in the shifting light of eve
 I sat in silent thought,
Whilst Zephyr seemed intent to weave
 The net of love I sought.

I read, and read with eager gaze
 A tragedy of yore,
And thought, and thought with burning craze
 Of love, and love e'ermore.

I pondered with entangled mind
 On broken hearts and love;
I felt how treacheries unbind
 The ties of God above.

Compassion roused a tender pain,
 Warm tears a way had found;
I sobbed to see how love is maimed
 And buried underground;

How circumstances breed a strife
And cause ignoble thought,
And tear asunder love's true life
Which human hearts have wrought.

Oh, death unto those raven eyes,
A death of foul disgrace
To those that linger in disguise
To ruin love's own ways!

ENCHANTMENT.

When Luna looks with smiling eyes
 Upon the verdant fields so gay,
Where life-sustaining odors rise
 And mingling with the South-winds play;
When in the heavens' vaulted plain
 A thousand constellations shine,
My soul unites its love and pain
 With thoughts of all that is divine.
The moving twigs sing sleepy airs,
 And nightly spirits hover by;
All Nature now to rest repairs
 Excepting the illumined sky;
My soul now leaves these earthly realms,
 Enchanted by the godly sight;
Such solemn beauty overwhelms
 My panting breast with true delight.

WHEN SPRING IS NEAR.

O lonely hours, far steeped in yearning,
When shall ye melt beneath this gloom?
When shall my restless spirit burning,
Its sharp, devouring pangs entomb?

O idle days, depressed with sorrow,
Beneath the season's harshness bent,
When shall my soul wake on the morrow
With pleasure filled, and true content?

Three weary months of chill have faded;
They were but filled with emptiness;
In dull monotony I've waded,
Entangled by uncheerfulness.

But now, as though it were a river
Pouring through some canyon deep,
I feel some strange emotions quiver
That wake my soul from restless sleep.

Emotions of prophetic vision,
How soothing are your sudden flow!
Can I surmise your strange commission?
Can I your healing gush foreknow?

Ah, good Spring is near, so sweet forever,
Thou overload'st me with delight!
Thy luscious waves alone can sever
Me from this wretched Winter-plight.

SECRETS OF THE DEEP.

Great Mother Earth, so simple in design,
 Whence is thy model, if 'tis not divine,
The noble outburst of a Mastermind,
 God's greatest handiwork for humankind!

Behold her intricate simplicity
 Wrapped in a cloak of gorgeous majesty,
Resplendent in eternal unity,
 In ever-truthful regularity!

Into thy very bowels did we creep
 To learn the mechanism of thy deep;
We traveled North and South and East and
 West,
And yet we know thee little at our best.

For though our modern science claims to know
The slightest motions of thy inmost heart,
Still, treasures of great lore thou canst bestow
And knowledge unexplored thou canst impart.

Thy burning bosom hides a grand machinery
Whose million wheels more true and undis-
turbed
In unity and wond'rous harmony
The busy life of all this mighty world.

Unfold to us thy books of secret lore,
Which many centuries have sought in vain;
Thy hundred thousand treasures, we implore,
Thou give them to us for our happy gain!

Throw open unto us the bolted doors
Protecting Wisdom's ever-sparkling fount;
For from its silver-bubbling water pours
The living stream of Knowledge o'er the
ground!

How gladly, willingly we'd bend our knee
To drink thy waters with an eager draught;
'Twould lift us unto heav'nly ecstasy,
Into the realms of God our soul would waft.

With humble words and song we'd then proclaim
The grandeur of that sweet and holy name
In which the secret stores of knowledge lie,—
The name of God, above, below the sky.

A FATHER'S SORROW.

Bedded in her couch the baby lies,
Her hands across her breast, her features
mild;
I hear no more her feverish cries,
For she's gone home, my dear and only child.

Oh, thou little babe, thou child of mine!
No spark of life in thee, no silent breath;
Around thy silken cot blessed candles shine,
And angels chanting hold the watch of death.

All my consolation in this life
Is resting, gone unto her last reward,
She whom most I loved, my tender wife,
She is no more on earth, but with her Lord.

Dearest child, thou, once my hope and happiness!

I know thy soul is now in better care;
When you sleep beside my wife, caress
Her grave; give her my love—I'll soon be
there.

Gone is all for which I lived on earth;
I have no home, save in the heav'n above;
Sacrilegious is all joy and mirth
When those are gone our hearts did always
love.

Lord, my God, thou know'st a father's pain,
A husband's sorrow for a loss so great;
Bring me to my wife and child again,
How long O Lord, how long must I still wait!

LOVE EVERYWHERE.

Love is the vigor of our life,
The essence of this earthly strife,
Our steady guide in joy and pain,
The soul's life-blood in every vein.

All Nature grows with sacred love;
'Tis wrapt within the skies above;
Yea, planted on Aurora's face,
In her deep crimson, rosy gaze.

It beams within the silver light
That brightens gloomy hours of night;
When high those flick'ring torches rise,
Love breathes her fragrance in the skies.

It murmurs with the crystal stream
That winds low-whispering, a-dream;
It glitters in the misty haze
Where Helios breaks his ardent rays.

The forest's growth, the flow'ry plains,
Revived by cool, refreshing rains,
Combine with love in one sweet air
Their soft refrains, their hymns so rare.

And glorious Nature's palace rings
With music from the bird that sings;
'Tis strange, those charming notes proclaim
The grandeur of love's honored name.

The rolling billows snow white foam,
From bank to bank; for ages roam
To break against the sandy shore,
And yet, their them is love e'ermore.

O love, O love, art thou so rare?
I find thee blooming everywhere;
Yes, love is universal, true,
Abundant like God's morning dew.

THE AWAKENING.

Torn are the chains of Winter's death,
For Spring hath risen from the grave;
I feel the softness of her perfumed breath
Come like a living wave.

The earth lay fettered many a night
In Winter's grip; and oft with fear
I lingered for the soothing light
Of Spring with all her cheer.

And now she's here, the fairest maid
That ever traversed o'er the land,
In flow'ry tresses all arrayed,
And violets in her hand.

She skips upon the moistened earth
And blesses all the living seeds;
New life is gently springing forth
From out the waking meads.

I hear the river murmuring,
And robin redbreast's early song;
The vagrant herds are bellowing,
And on the meadow throng.

Ah, heaven's light! Its warming beams
Make Mother Nature bright and fair;
Awaken, man, from out thy dreams,
For life is everywhere!

THE UNHEEDED PROPHET.

Behold, secluded from the noisy streets,
A cottage, grey with years;
Some long forgotten generation greets
The workmanship it wears.

Green mosses creep upon its sullen walls;
The drops of time cling round
Its paltry stones; the useless plaster falls
All shattered on the ground.

Eternal silence, undisturbed, hangs there,
Imprisoned in the eaves;
Weighed down by perfumes in the noiseless
air,
The winds play with the leaves.

Impressed with awe, I enter at the door—
An ancient room behold;
Old furniture upon a knotty floor
A century or more old.

An aged man is studying his books,
Reclining in a chair;
Deep understanding in his chiseled looks,
All silver white his hair.

And deep in meditation, lowly bent,
His head upon his arm,
His ever-ready pen gives freely vent
To thoughts of richest charm.

He cast the wisdom of his kingly mind
Upon his sordid time;
The tide of evil that his soul did find
He heralded as grime.

He gave unto the world uncommon gain
By struggling day and night;
He lived a life of penury and pain,
Yet won he in his fight?

His duty to advise he would fulfill,
Seeing the needs of all;
He gloried truth to cure the many ill;
But who would list his call?

Such is the world, the world of many days!
It doubts true honesty;
It seeks the truth in many thousand ways,
Yet hates it bitterly.

Holy Integrity, thou art ignored
By fools who search for thee!
They are deceived in one dishonest lord
Who lures to misery.

Oh Truth, we brush thy friendly words aside
And follow dread despair!
We fear corruption in our headlong stride,
But shrink not from its lair.

DOST THOU REMEMBER?

When darkness throws her mantle o'er the town,
And through the cold and chilly air peep down
Those legions of uncounted sentinels—
When from yon waking tower toll the bells,
And bid the weary seek their needful rest—
O Solitude, there's one who is thy guest,
There's one to give thee cheerful company,
We two shall speak of naught but poetry;
Tonight I'll speak to thee; another time
With patience I will listen to thy rhyme.

Dost thou remember—'twas not long ago—
A dying Summer lived yet in the skies,
And bade me from my melancholy rise?
Dost thou remember, when I left my home

And knew the land not where I then would roam
To surfeit on a change of healthful air?
Invigorating were its charms, and rare;
'Twas in this sacred air, made holy by
Sweet perfumes of the richest quality,
Whose breath was Nature's scent and Nature's
love—

'Twas in this holy air I then did rove.

There, in the noiseless sleep of life, I found
A friend—the dearest friend around.
Until those golden hours I could ne'er unfold
My mind; mankind for me was cold;
Reserved, I knew not how to breathe with ease;
Much less, a silent crowd with wit to please;
For me the pleasures of gay company
Were unto then a gloomy mystery.
But once for all I learned the wished for art
To cast aside my fear, and to depart
Forever from that childish bashfulness.
Which often caused me grave uncheerfulness.
The number of acquaintances I made

Must needs my failing memory evade;
But one, I will not, cannot e'er forget—
The noblest, dearest friend I've ever met.

O happy Solitude, whilst here alone,
My thoughts are roaming to that distant home
Some trifling hundred and more miles away;
O, would that distance knew not of delay,
How gladly and how willingly I'd fly
To yonder sweet abodes of days gone by!
Alas! the nimble spirit, subtile mind,
Though time and cumbrous distance cannot bind
Its airy flight to their imperial yoke—
Alas, alas! It is but reeking smoke
Compared to sensible reality!
But still, 'twere all a dull monotony
To leave the senses have eternal sway
And ne'er allow the mind join in the play;
For next to real, the greatest joys by far
The silent pleasures of remembrance are;
Wherefore, what once was most the senses' joy
Becomes imagination's playful toy.

O Solitude, I love to ponder on
The stern realities that long have gone.
My friend is far away, and yet so near;
The time dividing us—it seems a year—
O Solitude, whilst now I rest with thee,
Do whisper, does my friend still think of me?

THE CURSE OF WEALTH.

Unbounded riches, when abused,
Have rendered man and life confused;
They harden but a noble heart
And tear the bonds of love apart;
Lead man to sin and misery,
Destruction of society.

A wretched slave of humble mind
More joy and happiness will find
In utmost poverty, distress,
In solitude and wretchedness,
Privation, and what else may be
By all the world called misery;

For he is conscious of a home,
Immortal heaven, all unknown
To those who in a mire dwell
Of riches and an earthly hell;
He knows there is another shore
Beyond the life we now deplore.

Just follow me, my patient friend
Upon my journey to the end;
We'll enter at that marble gate,
And there begin to investigate.
"Ah, beauty," cries my wond'ring mind,
"Is this real Nature, am I blind?"

A velvet green spreads o'er the ground,
And beds of flowers bloom around;
Beneath a score of stately trees
The creeping shades play with the breeze;
Below a fountain's colored rays
A massive bronze of Venus bathes.

Now let us not disturb them all
That live inside this stately hall,
Else we might cause unwished for pain
And frustrate what we want to gain;
We'll enter as Mephisto would,
Through bolted doors, in ghostly hood.

•

All useful things man's thought has born
The splendor of this home adorn;
Silk tapestries hang o'er the door,
And Turkish carpets deck the floor;
The frescoed walls, by master's skill
Admiring guests with wonder fill.

Gay servants permeate the hall
With noiseless step upon each call;
They render favors like some slaves
That tremble when their master raves.—
But let us see the old man there,
Reclining in a Morris-chair.

About his face and glassy eyes
A gloom and melancholy lies
That tells the story of a life
Of misery, of hardship, strife,
Of absence of an honest peace
All stamped upon his sallow face.

He counts in numbers all the day
To see if he has made headway;
And to increase his gloated purse
The laborer becomes his curse;
From out his hands he wrenched the bread
To fill his swollen purse instead.

He rose from poverty to gain,
From human love to foul disdain;
He suffered in his younger days
From want of food, consuming fears;
But now, when all such woes are gone,
Forgotten is the poor man's home.

Beside a beveled mirror stands
His wife, with dainty hands,
With well-combed hair, and lovely eyes,
Like two bright stars, deep in the skies,
And painted lips, enticing, sweet—
A form divine, from head to feet.

What graceful carriage, like a queen,
And costume, that a lovesick beam
Of sunlight dare not play about
The silken wraps that her enshroud!
Yet—she's distrustful, filled with pride,
And wicked thoughts in her abide.

The storms of life are all a-glow
Beneath her brow; a walking show
To eyes that rest upon her gaze
As though she owned an angel's face.—
Could you but peep into her heart,
And study all its hideous art!

You'd find a huge and stony vault
Replete with misery and fault,
The evils of a conscience bad,
With sinful horrors in it clad;
Yes, you would blush with scarlet shame
To know her even by her name.

And thou, poor little lad of eight,
 Had'st thou but knowledge of thy fate,
How would thy youthful heart grow old,
 How would it shudder to behold
The hardness of thy father's heart,
 Indifference on thy mother's part.

They love thee not with tender joy ;
 Thou art for them a living toy ;
How could they love thee? 'twould be vain
 For when love's centered in mere gain,
No strength can wring it from the hand
 That rules the world's unbounded land.—

Excessive riches, when abused,
 Have rendered man and life confused ;
They harden but a noble heart
 And break the bonds of love apart ;
Lead men to sin and misery,
 Destruction of society.

DREAMLAND.

Eye of the night, that inspiring gleams,
Calm, with mysterious gaze,
Paint us grand pictures in blissful dreams,
Lead us on unknown ways!

Swift and momentous, as thought in flight,
Quick, as with lightning's speed,
Thousands of images, clear and bright,
Flash in a single deed.

Moments of joy and of dauntless youth
Pass in a picturesque scene;
Hideous phantoms and forms uncouth
Fall upon memory's screen.

THE SILENT NIGHT.

Ye diamond lights, fixed in the vaulted sky,
Thou, silver mirror of the silent night,
O golden streams of lovely, radiant light,
That through the plains of heaven fly
Like shafts into the waking human eye,
Upon the brilliant fields of snow, so bright;
Ye now announce our Jesus, the Delight
Of mankind, from the Holy Ghost on high,
Descending on this woeful earth, through her
The holiest and purest, greatest saint,
Whom never stained a sin! Rejoice therefore,
And in your throbbing breasts let every taint
Of sin be gone, and let all hearts adore
In charity and meekness evermore!

A STROLL THROUGH LIFE.

Ye dainty fields of velvet green
That clothe the cloddy earth beneath,
Rejoice, for now Aurora's mien
Is dawning o'er the reef!
Wake, thou slumb'ring atmosphere,
For the diamond-sparkling tear
 With a heavenly smile
 Lay there sleeping awhile
 To amuse and beguile
The merry birds that gayly sing
Melodious tunes; with never tiring wing
Swiftly soaring through the air,
Greeting what is green and fair;
 A'traveling through the cloudless sky,
 And warbling as unheard they fly;

And Zephyr is hugging the opening rose
That slept in the arms of a night's repose;
 Traversing nimbly the wood
 She glides along
 In cheerful song
 Ever in a happy mood.

And flowing through the dew-bent lanes,
 The rippling stream its way doth guide;
Then, winding through the flow'ry plains
 It follows by my side,
Never resting on its way,
Granting me a happy day.
 List, the echoes repeat!
 How the hours do fleet
 In this living retreat!
I hear an ever-thund'ring sound;
The running fields of Spring vibrate around.
Glorious view! What see I here?
Nature's Majesty is near!
 There bends the shimm'ring water-fall;
 And creeping o'er the slipp'ry wall

In smooth running torrents it splashes below
And falls in a chasm of watery snow.

Sweeter than music this sight

Which Nature's love

Sends from above

To content a mortal wight.

Now scorching Phoebus breaks his rays

Upon the roaring water-fall;

Behold, the sea of pearl ablaze,

Descending from the wall;

There the soapy foam climbs high

As the boiling waters ply;

There the Nymphs fill the scene,

And the Mermaids convene

When a mortal's unseen.—

Now I must rest my tired limbs;

My mind, now crowded with some old-time
whims—

Musing o'er this sacred view,

Meditates some hours through.

Behold, old Sol has turned his face
To all that's wretched, all that's base ;
The musical strain of the bird's thrilling tone
Has left me, poor traveller, weak and alone.
Nature, in thee I'll rest !
Adieu, adieu,
I bid to you,
All my life in thee is blessed !

FOR NE'ER SHALL WE RETURN.

“Beloved son, now follow me, thy father, o’er
the plains
Of densest green, where timid birds, with full
disdain,
The thund’ring voice of evil war will hear! O
come
My dearest boy, for not yet has the glorious red
Attained the eastern shores; not yet it suffered
from
A mortal eye this early morn to gaze upon
His charming garb, and greet the golden sprouts
That usher in the day upon this sinful earth;
Yet rests the evening star, and sleeps with shin-
ing eyes,

Which, opened for all humankind, peep down
Upon the earth that wakens from her bed of
dreams;

Like watchful sentinels the stars blaze in the skies
And rouse in us the dreams of life and love; be-
hold their rays

Serene, down yonder in the valley of the deep!

My child, thou hast not seen this world of misery,
Much less, a battle's fierce array;
But once for all, thou shalt behold the curse of
man

And nation on this very day.

Young though thou be, thou art a man in youth,
So let not the approach of death disturb
The calm that ever was within thy breast;
Fear not the sword, the gun, the streams of
blood,

E'en death fear not, for it may bring
Thee everlasting glory
And peace unto thy fatherland!

O sweet, it is to die in her protecting arms,
And rest, to lie in her most fertile soil!"

"Thy words, O dearest father, they are but too
true;
And make my trembling heart rejoice;
I ne'er shall wander from thy faithful eyes
That look upon me with far greater love
Than all the world can give; the morn is coming
fast
And soon we'll stand amongst the bravest men
To fight for liberty."

"Beloved son, thou mak'st my aged heart a home
Of thy sweet charity; and now give me thy hand,
Thy tender hand, and place it into mine,
That led thee on the path of righteousness;
Once more I gaze into thy youthful eyes,
And they reflect me in their sparkling orbs,
Reminding me of my past youth, that blooming
Spring,

The time of innocence, and happiness and life.
Behold, the veil of darkness is now falling off
The sun; already peeps the dim, regenerating
light
Behind yon clouds, that slowly creep along
The unobstructed space; the solemn hour is now
near,
When swells the trumpet's shouting call
Through all the ranks, and through the din of
battle howl
The snorting cannon, and the even step of
soldiers falls.
O look, there comes the glorious sun upon his
way;
His rays affectionately fall upon the fields, and
greet
The merry birds that warble in the wood; but
oh, to see
This fatal day, for you and me, he'll weep his
carmine blood
Upon this sinful race of men that welter in their
blood!

O, would that God now checked his course, that
he might not

Behold this day, but cast a veil of darkness o'er
his face!

Alas, it cannot be, the Lord has all his planned
ways!

The trumpet blows! Its mournful sound per-
vades

The soldier's breast; the dull and measured tramp
Falls heavily upon the shaking ground

That heaves one great, gigantic cloud of chok-
ing dust;

And yonder comes the enemy with intent to kill;
Come, dearest boy, O let your earthly joys now
sleep

An everlasting sleep, and leave thy youthful
blood

Once fertilize thy fatherland through death,
For ne'er shalt thou return to kiss thy mother's
lips,

And ne'er shall we return to see our home again
That now has been destroyed.

A cruel fate has destined us to die for liberty ;
And as we now must die,—a death of honor—
Let us bravely die!"

The whistling bullets fly and strike the first,
The foremost men; they stagger; there they lie;
Already starts the gnawing worm to drain their
flesh;
Another sinks, another falls, and others take
his place,
Till but a heap of mortals fills the battle-field.
The cannon spit their long, electric flames, and
deadly steel
Has torn disordered ranks like fibres thin,
Devouring the fleeing victims in its course.
All's over now; and death has won his fatal
game;
The field is saturated with the gore of men,
And on the clodded soil lie broken guns and
fire-arms;

No more the snare-drum rolls; no more the bugle
calls;

No more the signal melodies ring out upon the
ranks;

We hear the voice of victory a-dying on the hills,
The victors march in glory, the vanquished
march in shame,

And on the field of death eternal silence reigns.

O war, thou ghastly fiend, as hungry as a wolf!
Thine eyes are ravenous, thy foaming fangs
mean death;

Thy stomach's large enough to feed on all hu-
manity;

Thou art a hideous monster, flaming dragon of
the night,

A beastly plague that ravishes mankind;

Thou makest man unlike to God, but more unto
A beast of prey, a tiger in despair!

Away from us, O dreadful war! Place not thy
feet

Upon this peaceful soil, for thou art evil,
Thou art wrong, most dreadful in result!
O fly, O fly, thou monster, evil war,
Into the everlasting darkness of eternity!

IN MEMORIAM.

Sad and dreary sank the heavens,
 Low and weary ; onward passed
Shifting clouds as black as ravens,
 Plowing through the whining blast.

Hundred raging winds were wrestling,
 Fighting in the warring skies,
All around the spires nestling
 Howling forth with screaming cries.

Through the streaming torrents splashing,
 Not a beaming star shone forth ;
And the rain's incessant slashing
 Cut upon the frosted earth.

Mad, the crushing winds were calling,
On the gushing torrents came,
Till a prime of snow-flakes falling,
Mingled with the icy rain.

Black and drowsy hung the moaning
Night; arousing phantoms flew
Through the sleepless hours, roaming
In the dark to me and you.

Slowly creeping o'er the city
Came that weeping twilight gray;—
Someone whispered in deep pity:
“He’s dead;” all lips began to pray.

Then the doleful bell’s sad tolling
In a woeful dirge did peal;
Death had reaped his burden, holding
With two clenched fists of steel.

LONGING.

Cruel and relentless fate, thy power
Has driven me to foreign lands,
Distant from my home and shady bower
That weeping in the hamlet stands.

There the haunts of solitude stood list'ning,
Intent upon the airs I sung;
And the perfumes of rich odors, nestling
Within the verdant foliage, hung.

Night came forth with all her wonted splendor
Behind the black, eternal hills,
Cast her wand'ring shadows soft and tender
Upon the bed of winding rills.

Nightingales soared in those lofty regions
And sang above my country home;
Chirping sparrows came in many legions
And fluttered in the heaven's dome.

O how happy were my childish pleasures,
When in my veins a youthful blood
Coursed through all my frame in steady meas-
ures,
And in my heart great joy did bud!

Now I tarry where misfortunes hover,
Where all is ruin and disgrace;
Disappointed, I shall ne'er recover,
No science can my pains efface.

Nature here dissembles her bright vision;
The trees and flowers seem to scorn,
Look askance at me with cold derision;
I feel, alas, I am forlorn.

Oh, how can I reconcile the moments
That called me to this cursed state!
All these tears I shed in sad atonement;
I must be gone; 'tis not too late.

Had not fond deception's clever motion
Distorted pictures far away,
How could I have tendered my devotion?
O bring me home without delay!

Ah, thou happy, homelike village,
I know the softness of thy air!
Now my mind is worried with thy image
That drives me even to despair.

Home of my pleasures, where my fathers wan-
dered,
I long to see thy shady haunts,
Where in boyhood many times I sauntered,
Molested not with grief and wants!

MEMORY.

What is man without a memory,
Without that noble faculty?
Where would he start, where would he end?
Bygone labor—'twould all be in vain;
The present—an eternal pain;
He'd ever start and never end.
What is man without a memory?

THE TOKEN.

A youthful maid, serene and fair,
With curling locks of golden hair,
Upon a cold November day
Passed through the dying fields to pray.

Her eyes were cast upon the ground,
Unconscious of the world around;
Warm tears coursed down her pallid cheek;
She soon was tired. cold and weak.

And yet she traveled on her way
When morn turned into brightest day,
For in the deep autumnal skies
The sun gazed with his pleasant eyes.

She came unto the archèd gate,
The universal door of fate;
Distressed, she walked along the aisles
Where Death his silent entry files.

She heeds not one of all the graves,
But in her soul she humbly craves
For mercy, and her childish tears
Accompany disturbing fears.

She falls—she faints upon a heap,
Beneath which rests in silent sleep
Her father, dearer than the gold
And wealth this wayward world can hold.

At last she rose, more like a ghost;
And leaning on the marble post,
Her outstretched arms she raises high
And speaks unto the open sky:

"I loved you with a tender heart,
And yet, we two must ever part?
Must part! Oh no, we meet once more
Upon good heaven's happy shore!

With pointed words you tempered me
In holiness and chastity;
Your only wish was to behold
Me purer than the molten gold;

I promised this beside your bed,
My hand upon your dying head;
Then kissed you as you smiled to me—
Your soul went to eternity.

And now it is again the day
When death has taken you away—
I'll plant this flower on thy grave,
A token of the words I gave."

THE DYING HARPIST.

Ye cooling winds, that now are floating
In deep realms of peace and light,
Like messengers of love, devoting
Humble service to this wight,
How oft with pleasure you would render
Services you could deny!
My melodies, so youthful, tender,
You transported to the sky.

How oft my heart would bleed when singing,
Thrilled with motions all divine!
The tunes that from my harp came swinging
Touched the pale moon's sprightly shine;
Unnoticed, in the dark night's silence,
When least noise my song retards,
I played rich tunes of shaded variance
For the world of sleeping bards.

O how they listened with complacency,
For they loved my sacred art!
E'en hours tarried they in patience,
For they adored me from their heart.
They loved me for my burning passion,
Bidding me come play and sing;
I'd strike the chords with all devotion,
Making them with sweetness ring.

Alas, no more those tunes shall border
On the brink of heaven's gate,
For now my breath is growing shorter,
Telling me it is too late!
Once more I'll vent my choicest feeling
On this old, worn instrument;
May it ascend with love, appealing
To the open firmament!

There may my song diffuse its colors
On the deep, ethereal blue,
And dwindle on the hazy borders,
Never to revive anew.

Farewell, my harp, farewell forever,

No more thy soothing chords I'll strike!

Another genius more clever

May thy Siren notes invite!

ALL SOULS' DAY.

'Tis a day of heart-felt sorrow,
For each Christian's memory
Calls to mind the hallowed morrow
Of eternal equity.

Prayerful, throng the pious, weary,
Bowed with languid sorrow's pain,
Through rough streets and weather dreary,
Guided to the holy lane.

For they seek the cemetery
Far beyond the city's crest,
Where, within its sanctuary
All is silence, all is rest.

Noiselessly the tread of many
Falls upon the sacred ground;
Decked with wreaths and flowers plenty
Is each grave, each lonely mound.

Ah, the pleading heart's devotion
Panting in each Christian's breast!
Ah, the agonies, emotion,
O'er the heaps where loved ones rest!

Here a youthful lover kneeling
Near the object of his life;
Here he writhes, his pain concealing
In his heart's convulsive strife.

There a child conjures the heaven
And implores its mighty aid,
For its father, mother, brethren
Sleeping in the earth are laid.

Yonder is some worn inscription
Faded through a mould'ring time,
Epitaphs so quaint in diction,
Flowing in an olden rhyme.

In a sad, neglected corner,
Covered with wild, creeping grass,
Hide the graves, where ne'er a mourner
Nor indulging friend will pass.

There a willow, sadly weeping,
Casts its shadow on the ground,
Sighing o'er the body sleeping
In the cell beneath the mound.

And below its mystic cover
Moans a pure and loving heart;
'Tis the dead boy's aged mother,
Who are both now torn apart.

Oh, she knows her son lay buried
In the prime of golden years!
Now her heart is greatly worried
And her breast is filled with fears.

How her aged body's broken,
Daunted by deep pain and grief!
And she lifts her arms, invoking
All the heavens for relief.—

Night has called; the shades are weeping,
And the living homeward go—
Who will be the next one sleeping
In the silent sod below?

THE TOILER.

A pressing weight of centuries' honest toil
Contorts thy body to a drooping frame;
The imprint of a bold exertion stamps
A never-fading tale upon thy brow—
But is it misery's agonizing pain
Or abject ruin that confronts thy mind?
Where is that low, unskillful bent of thought,
That specimen of rude stupidity?

Thy drooping stature and its tempered mould,
Characteristic of a sturdy clan,
Are emblems of a brave humility
That bows without remonstrance to thy God.

Not yet misled by uncouth principles,
Devoid of all bombastic subtilty
Yon weak and flimsy generations breathe,
Thou climbest up to immortality;

Behold, corruption's instrument engraved
Those empty features on *yon* wayward race!
Upon *thy* mien the stamp of vigor rests;
Thou hast the substance of a genuine man.
We greet thee, Nature's mighty paragon,
For unawares thou art her ancient type.

'Tis true, thou art oppressed with wrongful aim,
And forced to yield to circumstance's strife
Beneath a cruel hand of destiny;
But never, never art thou slave of man!
The labor of thy long-enduring hand
Sustains a world of self-conceited fools.

Rejoice! Original design of God
Has made thee subject to this stubborn soil;
Thy pure, immortal soul shall one day bring
Its sweet and magic fragrance undefiled
Into those realms of happiness above!

RESURRECTION.

Raise thy voice in songs of greeting,
Let it ring through field and vale,
Let thy heart, quick measures beating,
All this life of Spring inhale!

For the morning winds, caressing
Circle 'round each moving blade,
And they lavish all their blessing,
And each blooming nook invade.

Flowers lift their glaring color
High above the sprouting glebe,
Nature now has donned her splendor
From the hill-tops to the mead.

List unto the bird a-singing,
Singing with its modest voice!
How its echoes, faintly ringing,
Make our sleepy veins rejoice!

Life displays her fairest vision
From the germinating sod,
And cold Winter's last impression
Hangs upon the mountain-top.

Waves unfurl eternal motion,
Break against the sloping shore;
And the sands along the ocean
Roll beneath their ceaseless roar.

Studded in those vaulted regions,
Deep within unfathomed skies,
Smile the stars, uncounted legions;
Silver moon the night defies.

Long I yearned for peaceful hours,
Hours that would bring no pain;
Now they come with all the flowers
Growing quickly on the lane.

Raise thy voice in songs of greeting,
Let it ring through field and vale!
Let thy heart, quick measures beating,
All this life of Spring inhale!

LACHRYMAE.

With the dawn of early morn,
 When half awake, the twilight beams,
E'er Nature's slumb'ring soul is torn
 From her couch of woodland dreams,
Let me seek a hidden nook
 Beyond the pale of human eye,
That but the night alone may look
 Down upon the tears I cry.

When yon waking fields grow bright,
 And motley flowers playfully
Are shaking off the waning night;
 When they breathe that purity
Living in the cloudless sphere,
 Then will I sink my drooping mind
Into the dew-drops, sparkling, clear;
 There my tears shall refuge find.

All around me Nature seems
 A veritable dream of joy ;
Midst thousand pleasures, gaudy scenes,
 Nothing can my sense decoy ;
In the deep, broad firmament
 Those glittering gems flash fiery eyes ;
Alas, they shall but see mine bent
 On the soil that never dries !

Through the dreary long of night
 Let music's melancholy pierce,
That it my passion may excite,
 Flood my cheeks with burning tears.
Leave me in my weeping state !
 My soul is bathed in unknown grief ;
Oh, who will e'er divine my fate ?
 Who will bring my soul relief ?

TO A LITTLE BOY.

Show me the beautiful and grand,
The noble and sublime,
What else can then my soul demand,
What aught is more divine?
Such is the breath that steals away
From out the bosom of my God,
The twinkling of some glorious ray
Illumining the soil I trod.
My eyes may rest where'er they will,
Some beauty must my sense instil
With love, that oft can find no bounds,
For fiery passion burns and pounds,
Throbbing within my aching breast,

Arising like a murmuring
To mad and hollow thundering,
Rolling above the mountain's crest;
Thus do I live no more for aught
But passion burning deep within;
Is it a crime, is it a sin?

One image haunts me day and night—
'Tis thine, my youthful boy,
So forcibly engraved, so bright,
Untainted with a base alloy.
Thou dost combine
Most noble qualities—
The perfect and divine
Of human properties.
Yet art thou but of tender age;
Why should my love of thee transcend
Love's ordinary flight of rage?
Why should such admiration blend
The choicest feelings of my heart
To love, which words would fain impart?

My love is not of meaner grade,
That which the senses only know ;
For all the senses' pleasures fade
When their affecting objects go.
Mine is a love that will combine
The moral and the physical,
A love that seeks what is divine,
The noble and the beautiful.

How oft my eyes were fairly dazed
With beauty's magic sheen ;
But what has more my passion crazed
Then thou, thy perfect mien !
When first my studious eye
Beheld thy youthful form,
A masterpiece of Nature's art,
The poetry of her own heart,
Methought, thou must defy
Her common norm.
Was it not those expressive lines
Drawn sharply in thy face,

Thy feminine beauty, which refines
But chosen creatures of a race—
Was it not this which caught my sense?
Did not my love grow more intense
When at thy side, with scrutinizing gaze,
My soul could feast upon thy face?
Why should I not have been
Enamoured of such harmony?
The velvety softness of thy skin
Nor dread disease nor malady
Would cruelly harm
Its silken charm.
Hath e'er two lips such winning smile,
Hath e'er a voice more radiant sound,
With power to soothingly beguile
The most unmusical around?
How much more then complacently
The cultured ear
Doth hear
Its sweet and simple melody,
Much sweeter than the melodies
A-winding through yon distant trees,

More love-inspiring in its harmony
Than the eternal murmuring of the sea.
Though thunderbolts disturb the sky
And hurricanes sweep madly through the air,
A voice so sweet, so gentle, calm and rare
Must even them defy.

Two sparkling gems of blue and gray
Beneath thy shapely forehead play;
Two wistful eyes, so innocent,
That know no false, no mean intent;
Two little windows, clean and pure,
Wherein love whispers healthful dreams;
Two mirrors that reflect soft beams
From out their animating lure.

When thy bright features playfully
A winning smile do condescend;
My heart—it quickens nervously,
And all my soul with joy is bent.
Ah, when I look into those lustrous orbs
Where glowing love absorbs
The sunlight's living beam,
I see a nobler image gleam,

An image of the soul, that shows
Thy inner self—thy own reality,
From which exterior action flows,
The imprint of thy personality!

If ever Nature loved her own,
'Twas thee, 'twas almost thee alone,
When she infused that penetrating mind,
So nobly fitted to a noble kind.
She saw thy true physique, a pearl of art,
Grew highly pleased, and drew apart
This special favor of nobility,
That thus thou mightest perfect be.

Within thy heart blooms virtue's fragrant flower,
Nursed on the soil of piety,
Matured within the warm and pleasant bower,
The home of angel purity.
Yet there is not a quality thy own,
No glittering gem to thee unknown,
Still thou wilt hold them all in modesty,
And clothe them in the garb of true humility.

Have I not reason to extend my love
To such creation, perfect and ideal?
Is there a deeper earthly joy above
The pleasures man is wont to feel
In him who is so beautiful
In th' moral and the physical?

Could I but follow thee
E'en to the dreary path of silver age,
To read each living page
Of thy ensuing history!
For though thou be of tender age,
My love of thee, dear boy, transcends
Love's ordinary flight of rage,
And highest admiration blends
The choicest feelings of my heart
To love, these words would fain impart.

ONWARD.

Let progress, prosperity, bloom o'er the land!
Mankind must unite with its governing hand!
Let nations and people of every clime
Join in the wild chase of this wide-awake time!
We'll solve the bold problems of matter and
force,
Burst open the safe with its unopened doors;
Behind them, the secrets of Nature, this world,
Lie buried and written on scrolls yet unfurled.
'Tis life and activity, patience and thought,
'Tis energy, power and will that have wrought
Great things amongst men; not by hazard or
chance
Do mighty and powerful nations advance,
For history is rooted in ages gone by;

Beneath the vague thoughts of our forefathers
lie

Some unexplored treasures of practical lore;
Stir up, ye great men of the world, this big
store

Of glimmering coals, that awaits but the breath
Of genius to wake it from imminent death!
Inventions shall come, and the thoughtful shall
find

Some means and devices of every kind
To lighten the troublesome burden of man,
For hardship must vanish and be under ban.
Utility's aim and necessity's force
Shall open inventions' unlimited course!
Let progress, prosperity, bloom o'er the land!
Mankind must unite with its governing hand!
Let nations and people of every clime
Join in the wild chase of this wide-awake time!

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

Dost thou believe that man is wond'rous wise?
Learn from the past; it knows not a disguise;
For man's the greatest mimic ever known;
Few things, if any, he can call his own;
Whate'er in man is noble and sublime
Is imitation of the true divine;
In Nature he must seek the right ideal,
For she's the living model of the real;
When man would seek original to be
And cease to find in Nature's majesty
The fountain and the source of all his thought,
He's then a bold imposter, good for naught.
Give us excitement, cries the world, the new;
To yesterday's cold past we bid adieu;
Gone is the year, and interest finds no charm,
Save in the present's clamorous alarm.

But man, why shouldst thou be so weak of mind?
Oh erring man, despite thy pride, thou'll ever
find,

There's nothing new beneath the mighty sun;
All things exist; there's nothing left undone!
E'en when a clever genius has found
How delicate and unseen waves of sound
Can reach remotest lands with nimble ease,
Cross o'er a thousand miles of rocking seas—
Remember, e'er such subtle thought was formed
Its ancient model Nature long adorned.
E'er man has found inventions' bubbling source
That slowly led us to its present course,
Two telegraphic stations long were known
Between the human heart and God alone.
No apparatus, be it e'er so new,
Can be as perfect as the heart is true.
Though winds may howl, and storms may rage,
Though earth and skies a bitter war may wage,
Though lightnings in the shaking heavens flash,
Impassioned by gigantic thunders' clash—
Be calm, O saintly heart, O sinful heart,

Thy loving God is near thee, where thou art!
In peace, in war, by day, by darkest night,
Upon the sea, without a beacon light;
Away from home, far off in heathen lands,
On lone Sahara's burning, choking sands—
Be calm, O saintly heart, O sinful heart,
Thy loving God is near thee where thou art!
Beside the hearth that heats thy humble room,
Tossed in the gaping gulf of worldly doom,
In joy, succeeded by life's torturing woes,
In perfect health, in agonizing throes—
Be calm, O saintly heart, O sinful heart,
Thy loving God is near thee, where thou art!

Send Him thy message humble, and beseech
A favor; safely shall thy prayers reach.
Rejoice then, saintly heart, O sinful heart,
Thy loving God is near thee where thou art!

MY CHILDHOOD DAYS.

How sweet were the days of my childhood,
Those years how they glided away!
How tender the lips of dear mother,
That taught me, poor infant, to pray!

How sweet were the days of my childhood,
Abounding with heavenly joy!
An angel, I lay in the cradle,
A dear little, innocent boy.

How sweet were the days of my childhood,
When mother would kiss me to sleep;
Would watch me with patience, devotion,
Caress me and joyfully weep!

How sweet were the days of my childhood,
I knew neither trouble nor pain ;
Indeed, I was happy, thrice happy ;
Who'll bring me my childhood again !

How sweet were the days of my childhood,
Ah, thanks that I could not divine
That manhood must reap so much sorrow
Upon life's headlong decline !

How sweet were the days of my childhood,
Alas, I recall them in vain !
This tumult of life is depressing ;
O, give me my childhood again !

AMERICA.

America, the greatest of the world!

Upon thy soil all nations have unfurled
The glory of our own United States!

Who knows thee, loves thee, and relates
Thy grandeur to the world's unbounded sphere.

We sing, a hundred million voices clear
Thy praise and honor, and extol thy fame,
And all thy children glory in thy name!

Though others welcome us with open arms,

America has all the winning charms;
Great are her deeds, and greater still her aim;
Her faith is strong; her many hopes the same;
Her charity is growing day by day;
America's my home, and there I'll stay!

America, the greatest of all lands!

Thou art the youngest with the strongest
hands!

And with gigantic strides this nation grows

The greatest wealth and men a country shows;
Though yet a child, we saw thee creep
Unto thy glory with one bounding leap;
In genius mighty, there is not a place
That leads America in any race!

Though others welcome us with open arms,

America has all the winning charms;
Great are her deeds, and greater still her aim;
Her faith is strong; her many hopes the same;
Her charity is growing day by day;
America's my home, and there I'll stay!

REMORSE.

Wilt thou not, Lord of Mercy, hear my prayer
And mitigate the curse that weighs upon my
mind?

Dost thou not recognize, O blooming forest
proud,

The youth that sauntered through thy winding
ways,

Thou, who'd often beckon and invite me to im-
bibe

The balm and spirit of thy dreamy atmosphere,
When scenting roses of an ever-laughing May
Would stop me to inhale their perfumed breath?
And thou, my tiny rivulet, how often have I
watched

The living net of waves that winds would cast
o'er thee,

Art thou so savage-like to cast me thus away?
Poor man is but an alien on these shores,
For friends are few that really offer love.
Abominable fate! How hast thou spread thy
sails,
And driven me, surrounded with entangling
snares,
Into the haunts of sin and crime,
Which brought destruction to my very soul!
Why should I still abide upon this earth,
Alone, an outcast of my friends, society,
That scorn my presence with their wrathful eyes?
Will none alleviate the horrors of my mind?
Must father, mother, brother, sister, heed my
sight,
Will none of all my kin show sympathy?
Ah, happy days, when I could press a kiss
Upon my little mother's tender lips,
Upon my mother's lips, that often told her boy
To follow on the path of righteousness!
O can it be, that she still tread this earth,

Or hath the grievance of my crime so cut her
heart

As to dissect its very cords in twain?

Compassion! Whisper but a friendly word!

No one? Not even one will come and say,

I am thy friend?

Ah, now I wish to die, to leave the birds of prey

Encircle me, and hack my body into thousand
shreds,

That not a stone may tell my cursèd name;

These drooping willows, let them hum

Their mournful airs for my eternal peace;

For me there's no more rest, save in eternity.

DUTY BEFORE PLEASURE.

When duty calls us from our haunts of pleasure,
When pleasure's madness would not see us
leave,
'Tis with repugnance we discard the leisure
That thought not of a parting pain and grief.

Who will not dread the short and painful hour
Though higher aims in life he doth intend?
Wilt thou alone possess the cruel power
To brave emotion near a life-long friend?

Ah, parting always finds a cause for sorrow!
Our hearts beat fast, our aching pains enhance,
And pierce the sorrowed soul, the inmost marrow,
When memories roll by of old romance.

The morning wakes us with her melancholy
greeting;

And night was in a rage of hostile dreams;
We cannot but detest the farewell meeting;
Heart-rending are its many wounding scenes.

Days, that have melted in sweet pleasure, floated
Like burning winds before our moistened eyes;
Our hearts and souls on all their sweetness
gloated;

We drank the spirit of their cordial ties.

Ah, leave them now to serve a higher duty!

How can we shun their innocent delight?
Must we relinquish all their idle beauty,
And break away from them through sudden
flight?

Adieu, our homes, our friends, our dearest!

With you forever we may not remain;
Away we must—though we are nearest
Your hearts—we leave you—'tis with silent
pain.

MY LITTLE FRIEND, THE STOVE.

Tossing out of dreamless slumber—

'Twas one Winter, I remember,

We arose, a goodly number

When the bell rang half-past five.

And we heard all things a-shaking

When we boys were all a-waking—

With a few exceptions taking

Longer rest within their beds.

Fierce and cold, the North-wind battered,

Doors and windows madly clattered,

Drifts of blinding snow-flakes scattered

Up against the rattling panes.

140 *My Little Friend, the Stove.*

Though the winds were fiercer blowing
And the heavens ever snowing,
In my modest study, glowing,
Smiled my little friend, the stove.

Oh, it seemed a world of blessing
When I saw those flames a-pressing
From the gas-stove! Who'd be guessing
That I was a happy man?

All my shiv'ring frame had shuddered,
And no words my blue lips uttered—
Save a whisper—all I uttered
To my little friend, the stove.

Then I crept into a corner,
Not a little Johnny Horner;
But a silent, sullen mourner
Crouching near the cracking stove.

Hail thee, gentle flame, ascending
From the stove, so nimbly bending
'Round the frozen pipes, and sending
Forth such soothing light and heat!

But the air grew colder, colder;
Boreas waxed bolder, bolder,
And my frame from shoe to shoulder
Shivered, shook behind the stove.

Time I had to timely ponder,
And I then began to wonder
How our neighbors over yonder
Circled 'round their glowing stoves.

Ah, I saw them all a-smiling,
For the coal was burning, piling,
Whilst I shook, with pain beguiling
Hours, wrapped in blankets warm.

142 *My Little Friend, the Stove.*

Oft I peered into the fire
Praying that it might grow higher;
But alas—it seemed to tire
Of its ancient charity.

For the flame grew smaller, slimmer,
And its bluish light went dimmer,
Fading 'way—a dying glimmer—
Choking in the frosty air.

Yes, my little friend, forever
Kind and gentle, hostile never,
Seemed forsooth to rudely sever
All his former bond of love.

Thus I sat, so sad, forsaken,
With no hope; who could awaken
Life, that Nature's law had taken
From the flame that now was dead?

My Little Friend, the Stove.

143

Then I swore by God and Nation,
I would want no innovation;
That there's none so good relation
As the glowing stove with coal.

UNGRATEFULNESS.

Lend thou the world thy mighty hand,
Thy life and all thy gain—
No recompense! But a cruel wand
Will drive thee from thy domain.

NEW-YEAR.

Time dies with unnoticed measures,
Vanishing like tinted clouds,
Never resting with our leisures,
Fading with our grief and pleasures
Like the twilight's misty shroud.

'Tis eternal repetition
Following the waves of time;
Days and years sink to perdition
And a century's bold ambition
Dies beneath the tolling chime.

Phantoms, dreams and recollections
Occupy our whirling brains;
Youthful pictures and affections
Idle hours and dilections
Mingled with disturbing pains.

All our good deeds, still remaining,
Lead us to a nobler shore;
Deeds of evil cast a staining
Shadow on our paths, complaining
To our conscience evermore.

This our motto: seek perfection;
Learn to grasp the moment's force;
Travel in a straight direction;
Truth be our predilection,
And to good our will coerce.

THE APPROACH.

The waning sun still casts his fading light
Upon the tired hemisphere;
He darts his pointed arrows left and right,
Sheds now and then a golden tear.

Ah, soon he vanishes behind the shore;
His garments fade like roses' hue;
The day created by him is no more,
For dusk is breaking through the blue.

Behold dear Nature's friend beyond the hill!
He's bathing in the troubled sea;
Does not this overwhelming sight thee thrill
And waft thy soul to ecstasy?

Once more the holocausts of Nature burn
 High on the mountain's slender peak,
Imploring heaven for the sun's return,
 Ere Nature wakes from healthful sleep.

The ocean sings its ancient lullaby,
 And splashing waves keep up their race;
Ah, hear their musical monotony
 When white-caps join in endless chase!

Now rest thine eyes upon the water's end;
 Behold the panorama there—
How prismatic colors in the heavens blend
 With all the soapy waters fair!

In constant variation grows the sky;
 In truth, it's weeping tears;
Once more the sun peeps 'round, then bids good-
 bye—
He turns his face; he disappears.

With love two hearts in joy and mirth unite,

For thus I see the setting sun

Assimilating with the waters bright;

All now is night—the day is done.

THE INVITATION.

See, the snow-white angels resting
O'er the manger, rough and cold!
Listen to their songs of greeting
Over all the land unfold!

Hark, the angels' choir chanting,
How it warms the snow-fed air!
'Roused, the humble shepherds, panting
Down to Bethlehem repair.

Ah, sweet angels' voices calling:
"Peace unto your timid clan,
Let this sight not be appalling,
We bring joy to every man!

Peace! For centuries of yearning
Dying 'neath a strong-winged time
Longed to greet this hallowed morning
Of the birth of God Divine.

Go ye to the cave deserted;
In a manger filled with straw
Ye will find the God-Child girded,
Saviour in the new-born law.

Glory be to God in heaven,
And to men of goodly will
Let His holy peace be given,
That the earth with joy be full!"

NATURE'S SONG.

The moonlight threw its silken beams
Upon the dozing plains ;
It poured a flood of radiant streams
All o'er the sloping lanes.

A blue transparency on high
Hung lightly o'er the waves,
And straying clouds cast with a sigh
Their ever-changing shades.

O hark ! What soft vibrations sound !
'Tis music fills the air ;
I hear rich voices, deep and round
Sing melodies so rare.

Each note, so pure, so full and clear,
 Resounding o'er the hills,
Finds refuge in my list'ning ear
 And all my body thrills.

I hear the song's rich harmony,
 Enjoy its ardent touch;
The motions of its melody
 Were never, never such.

It died like fainting echoes long,
 That smothered in the air—
'Twas all imagination's song
 Had rendered it so fair.

TO THE MOON.

Like a silver sheet
In the deep, deep skies,
See her gently rise
Through the milky street;
With a smile so fair
On her noble brow
When the clouds all plow
Through the evening air;
Now then hidden, lost
On the starry coast
By a wandering cloud
In its flutt'ring shroud;
And again in view;
Like a bashful child
She sweetly smiled
Through the azure blue,

Peeping o'er the streams
Of the wide, wide world
As they lay unfurled
To her playful beams;
With a wayward look
And a sinister glance
She dares peep askance
'To the lovers' nook;
In her naughty eyes
I can read her mind,
And her wish surmise—
Do not think we're blind!
Thou wouldst like to roam
On this merry earth,
Join in all our mirth,
Make it thy real home.

TO MUSIC.

Ring, ring on, O wistful Music
Playing in the dreamy night;
Fill my soul with heaven's magic,
Peal thy chords in airy flight!

Waves that flow in unknown language,
Passion of a flaming soul,
Send thy murmur's hidden message
When the low-winds briskly roll!

Silver strains, in unseen motion,
Mould the feelings of my heart,
Gladden all like the surceasing
Showers of cool Summer rain.

Rise, like perfumed vapors, flying
Through the woodland's gladd'ning smile;
Send us all thy merry greeting,
And our weary thoughts beguile.

Breathe thy charming, rich effusion
Through each bosom's flowing veins,
Where the glorious, bright illusion
Of thy colored rhyme remains.

Shade thy notes with modulations,
Pour them out in melodies
Varied like the undulations
Rising, falling in the trees.

Ring, ring on, O wistful Music
Playing in the dreamy night;
Fill my breast with heaven's magic,
Peal thy chords in airy flight!

CONTEMPLATION.

In the forest's winding pathways
Midnight looks with solemn gaze,
Where amidst refreshing odors
Luna darts her blushing rays;
When the leaves poetic whisper
Lulls all life to dreaming sleep,
And the brooklet's melancholy
Echoes down the gloomy deep;
There I'll rest me in the bower
Vaulted with the fir-trees' crown,
And entwine my heart in pleasure,
Ravished by the scenes around;
Where the undulating mountains
Climb into the hanging clouds,

And the amber tinge of Luna
Floats from heaven like a shroud,
Lighting up the slender hilltops
Pointing to the starlit night—
In the forest's winding pathway,
During Midnight's solemn gaze,
There I long to rest my spirit,
Contemplating Nature's ways.



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